Virtue in Distress:

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

MINDANA.

By the Reverend Mr. NATHANIEL TAUBMAN, Chaplain in the NAVY.

Pierios differ Cantusque Choroſque ſororum,
Æs dabit ex iſtis nulla Puella Tibi.

Martial Lib. 1. Epig. 77.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the *Croſs-Keys* and *Crown* next *Nando's Coffee-Houſe* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1706.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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The PREACE.

I shall not by a Preface endeavour to anticipate the Judgment of the World in favour of this Poem, nor are they apt to indulge a Writer or neglect their Privileges upon any Terms his Vanity might suggest.

Without vindicating the Stile, Design, Similies, or what else may be call'd Ornaments, I shall only thus far satisfie the World, that my Thoughts were to draw a faint Imitation of Dryden's *Knight's Tale from* Chaucer, *and that the Argument of this is borrow'd from part of* Boccace's *sixteenth Novel, tho' here alter'd; with what Success the Reader may judge by the annex'd Original. Nor will they esteem it less, I suppose, upon that Score, since they know it to be no other Help to a Poet, than the Canvass and Colours are to a Painter, in themselves worthless Trifles, but by his Art are form'd into a Piece of infinite Value.*

The Gentlewomen whose Concern'd it every Spot that appears in the Ground, will not, I hope, take this little Amusement to be one, since the Moral I'm perswaded will gain their Approbation, and they'll allow an Address from Parnassus, *by Chance, at tho' the corrupted Taste of the Age, may sometimes be as agreeable as one from the Pulpit. If this can be so fortunate as to inspire any one Virtue, particularly a composed Resignation and Tranquillity of Mind under Affliction, the Author will think himself still to have continued the Character of his Function, like the Soldier in the Field, who by different Weapons performs his Duty, as Circumstances give Occasion.*

Bo-

BOCCACE, *Novel* 16.

AFter the Death of the Emperour *Fredrick* the Second, *Manfredi* was Crown'd King of *Sicily*, *Arrigbetto Capece* a *Neapolitan* was in great Favour with him, who married a *Neapolitan* Lady, call'd *Beritola Carracciola*, and he was at that time Governour of *Sicily*. *Charles* the First having got the Victory at *Beneventum*, *Manfredi* being slain, the whole Island declar'd for the Conquerour; *Capece*, who could not confide in the *Sicilians*, and would not be a Subject to his Sovereign's Enemy, prepares to make his escape for his Security; but the *Sicilians* understanding it, came and deliver'd *Capece*, and many more Friends of *Manfredi's* to King *Charles*, and soon after the whole Kingdom. In so sudden an Alteration, Madam *Beritola* not knowing what was become of her Husband, sacrific'd her Estate to her Safety, and being big with one Child, embark'd with another call'd *Guittredi*, about eight Years old, with a Design to take Sanctuary at *Pisa*; she arriv'd there safely, and was brought to Bed of a Son, whom she nam'd *Scacciato* the Expell'd. She takes a Nurse, and goes on board again with her, and her two Sons, intending to go to her Relations at *Naples*, but a violent Tempest cast her upon the Isle of *Ponza*. She came into a little Harbour, where she stay'd for a more favourable Opportunity; walking up and down she found a solitary Place, whither she went every Day to bemoan her Husband's and her own Misfortunes. One Day while she was making these her Complaints, a Pirate came and seized her Vessel, as soon as she saw the Pirate towing it after him, she calls an hundred times on her Husband and dear Children, and at last falls down in a Swoon. As there was no Body near to recover her lost Spirits, so they had Liberty to ramble where they pleas'd; but being returned, they serv'd for nothing but to aug-

ment

ment her Tears. The Day came, and she finding her self very hungry, having refused to eat for two Days before, she gathers Herbs, and eats them: Her Head was fill'd with a thousand melancholy Ideas, which represented dismal things to her. Amongst these sorrowful Reflections she saw a Goat go into her Cave, and presently go out again, to return to the Woods; she went to find it, and there saw two Kids just yean'd, they pleas'd her so much, that having Milk in her Breasts full, she gave them her Nipples, which they suck'd as naturally, as if it had been their Dams. This little Company, as wild as it was, afforded her some sort of Solace. The long Abode she made in so wild a place, made her begin to turn Savage her self; and how could it be otherways having nothing but Brutes to converse with.

Some Months after a Vessel of *Pisa* arriv'd at the Port where she was; *Curzola de Marebell Madelina* was on Board, who had been to fetch his Wife from a Pilgrimage, she having been to visit the Saints of those Countrys. The Marquess one Day had a Mind to divert himself with hunting in this Island, and brought his Wife and some of his Servants, about a Pistol Shot from Madam *Beritola*'s Cave; the Hounds chased the two Kids, who directly ran to their Companion. Madam *Beritola* hearing the Noise, runs out, takes up a stick and beats the Dogs away. The Marquess and his Lady who follow'd the Dogs close, came in the interim. The Surprize was equal on both sides, for her to see such Persons in her Desart, and for them to find a Woman of such a Figure, black, meager, and hairy. The Marquess call'd off his Dogs to discourse Madam *Beritola*, and press'd her so earnestly that at last she discover'd who she was, by what Accident she came thither, and her Resolution to end her miserable Life there. The Marquess was extremely mov'd at the Relation of her Misfortunes; and as he had known her Husband, so he used all Arguments possible to

make

make her consent to go along with him till Fortune was more propitious to her. Madam *Berifola* making him no Promises, he leaves his Lady with her, hoping at last she might prevail with her, and orders her something to eat, and send her some Cloaths. The more she was solicited to leave that Defart, the more she protested that she would never go to any place where she was known. Notwithstanding after they had assur'd her that she should be at her own free Liberty, either to conceal or discover herself, she consented. A fair Wind soon gave them sight of the Country of *Lunigiana*, of which the Marquess was Lord; landing on the Shore of the River *Magra* they were presently at the Marquess's Castle.

So far I have follow'd my Author, the rest of the Novel he takes up in relating the two young Children's Fortune, the Marriage of Guiffredi *with* Spina *the Marquess's Daughter, the Success of* Arrighetto Canece *and* Beritola's *going with her Sons and their Wives to him, which was too tedious and confused a Story to be continued in the Poem; therefore I have pursued and concluded the Subject different from my Author, with the Liberty Poets are allowed to allure; which is the only excuse can be pleaded for the new Fictions, and changing the Original harsh Names into more smooth and musical.*

VIR-

22 JY 63

ERRATA.

PAge 6. l. 27. for. *Griefs* read *Sorrows*. Ibid. l. 28. f. *Caves* r. *Caverns*. p. 9. l. 14. f. *does* r. *do*. p. 11. l. 10. f. *be* r. *he*. Ibid. l. 23. *Colours* r. *Colour's*.

VIRTUE in Diſtreſs:

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

MINDANA.

PART I.

OF all terreſtial Kingdoms and Abodes,
SICILIA moſt is favour'd by the Gods,
Whoſe fertile Vineyards, and luxuriant Fields
Shew the fair Plenty a rich Harveſt yields;
With univerſal Joy and loud Accord,
Here MANFREDE reign'd the Sov'reign Prince and Lord.

Of youthfull Courtiers, or old Chiefs in War,
Who in the Palaces of Monarchs are,
One Fav'rite to his Love he did prefer,
CARNATI he was call'd, a Name well known,
To all Hiſtorians who record Renown;

His

His Actions then I shall not here rehearse,
His Children are the Subjects of my Verse;
His faithful Consort too, his charming Bride,
The [illegible] y Males's Pride.

Whilst valiant MANFREDE calls his Youth to Arms,
And CHARLES his Rival raises fierce Alarms,
Heroick Writers could large Volumes swell,
Did they all Sieges, or all Battles tell,
Or shew how Chiefs their Swords in Blood imbrew'd,
How broken Legions their lost Hopes renew'd,
How Clouds of Dust hung o'er the Host and Plain,
And Horses trampl'd on brave Princes slain.

[illegible] this Tuscan [illegible] in brief relate
Expiring MANFREDE's most unhappy Fate,
Who lost his Armies and his Regal Power,
To CHARLES Triumphant now and Conquerour.

" So Fortune oft her Favours does bestow,
" Where scarce expected, on th' unworthy too.

Or Chance, or kinder Fate to us wou'd prove
That MANFREDE's Friends express'd a faithful Love.
Howe'er it was his Body fell beneath,
A slaughter'd Heap who strow'd him in his Death.
The few Remains to distant Climates run,
That they might CHARLES's conquering Fury shun,
CAPANTI too with equal Ardour bent,
By Flight expected Danger wou'd prevent,
But in his careful providential Haste,
Is made a Captive and in Prison cast.

His

Where we shall leave him rack'd with black Dispair,
To mourn the Terrour of successless War,
To mourn the Widow's Griefs, her Shrieks to mourn,
When the dear Infant from her Breasts is torn;
The smiling Babe and her unhappy Lord,
Both in one day fall Victims to the Sword.
There we shall leave him to reflect a while
On those whose Mansions are their fun'ral Pile.
How Palaces in Flames do touch the Sky,
And Towns and Cities in vast Ruins lye;
And what to him much more Concern does give,
Whether MINDANA his chast Wife does live.

And now to Her my Muse her Wings does move,
And to the Pledges of their Marriage Love,
The one just grown a talking darling Boy,
The other longer in the Womb must lye,
Oppress'd with Care of these, her Husband lost,
And War still raging in her native Coast,
Resolves that since at Home no Ease is found,
For Ease to travel the wide World around,
Being less griev'd at foreign Ills or Foes,
Than in SICILIA, Scene of all her Woes.
Therefore without her former State or Friends,
To distant HIBARI her Flight she bends,
Where after lab'ring Pangs a Boy is born,
E'er thrice the Moon renews her Silver Horn;
And that some Method in our Story be,
The first GERARDO's call'd, SARCANTI he.
The first like other Children brisk and young,
Wou'd spare his Mother's Arms to play along,
The last expos'd to ev'ry human Want,
Craves more attendance than her Griefs can grant.

" Such is the helpless State the Gods decree
" For Humane Race, when Savage Beasts are free.
Therefore to find a Nurse employs her Care,
To tend her Infant, and her Griefs to share;
With whom embarking she resolves once more,
To tempt her Fortune towards the ARGIAN Shore.
That if her Friends, like Friends neglect her Grief,
With Strangers she may hope a mean Relief,
And not thro' Forests range, or wildly toil,
In hideous Caves of HIPARI's barren Isle.

Now if to Virtue just Reward was given,
And virtuous People Favourites of Heaven:
We shou'd expect the Gods might here preside,
And Fortune be on fair MINDANA's Side;
And Wind and Seas concur with equal Heat,
To waft MINDANA to her wish'd Retreat;
But Winds and Seas, and ev'ry Pow'r below,
And Gods above their dreadful Anger shew;
A fierce Unkindness does their Passions fill,
And fair MINDANA they will punish still,
" Or that they'd prove their Wrath of vast Import,
" Or that her Miseries become their Sport.

For as she left HIPARI's barren Plain,
The Winds and Storms provoke the foaming Main,
And all with terrible Portents conspire,
The Sea with Waves, the Air with Lightnings Fire,
To tell MINDANA she her Death must find,
In that Amaze, or ARGOS leave behind.

The Saylors freight their utmost Art explore
To run themselves on any Desart Shore;

The

The first which thro' the Tempest they descry,
Was PONTOS Isle, which does near AFRICK lye.
Stupendious Rocks, and dreadful Mountains height,
Give it strange Horror to our wondring Sight.
The foaming Waves with equal Horror swell,
And Rocks immoveable their Wrath repel;
With stubborn Pride, like Adamantine Gates,
As the Historian of this Tale relates.

Here in a little Creek, indulgent Chance
Does fair MINDANA and her Train advance,
Where she retires till Fate might kinder be,
And she at length the wish'd-for ARGOS see.
Pensive she climbs the Rocks that guard the Shore,
To Woods ne'er touch'd by human Feet before.
Despair sate painted on her beauteous Face,
Despair her Female Courage did encrease,
She that before would shake at Stories told,
Is now by Misery grown fierce and bold;
With heavy Sighs amidst the Rocks complain,
Tall Oaks she views, and wild extended Plains,
Where in the Anguish of her Soul she vents,
Her burthen'd Grief in Savage sond Laments.
Caves, Woods and Solitudes she daily fought,
As suiting best a sad distracted Thought,
In which condoling Mood she roves, till she
The Ocean can no longer bear nor see.
And this was more obliging to her Mind,
To leave all Mankind, Ships and Sea behind,
Since the dear Object of her Love was lost,
And Wind not favrable for ARGOS Coast.

But Winds and Seas to change are often seen,
And after Tempests grow the more Serene;

So did it now to fair MINDANA's View
Promise a Voyage, quick and happy too;
This did invite the beauteous mourning Guest,
To seek the Ship might waft her to her Rest;
And if to Virtue Gods propitious were,
The Ship no doubt had still continu'd there.
But Fates, for tragick Causes of their own,
To my Historian, and my self unknown,
A Pirate sent of proud and warlike Size,
Who took MINDANA's Vessel for his Prize,
And in it got without Repulse or Strife,
Nurse, Children and all Sustenance of Life;
Left her disconsolate, with Grief oppress'd,
To wild Despair now raging in her Breast.

The Pirate with her kind Companions fled,
And the young Pledges of her Marriage-Bed;
Her self expos'd to every raging Blast,
And Beasts of Prey, who keep the Island waste;
The sad Idea such strange Visions paints,
That near the Shoar the fair MINDANA faints;
There faints, far distant from all Care or Art,
Till the cold Blood it self revives the Heart,
And the fled Spirits of themselves supply
The kind Assistance which her Stars deny.

As she recovers from this Scene of Death,
With Eyes distorted, and short sobbing Breath,
By wild Degrees her mighty Griefs refound,
Till hollow Caverns echo back their sound.
Nor Beasts the fears of Prey, or mighty Force,
Nor Cold or Heat gives now the least Remorse;
Nor can Death fright, her widow'd Tears bemoan
A Husband lost, and helpless Orphans gone.

There

These her fond Eyes with eager Passion seek
In ev'ry Cave, and near the fatal Creek,
Where first she landed on this curs'd Aboad;
Renewing here her Griefs again aloud,
Tells the bright Beings of the cloudy Skies,
She begs not for her Hunger fit Supplies,
But that their Providence wou'd once afford,
She might be happy in her Sons and Lord.
The gloomy Terror of the sable Night,
Nor desart Solitude can her affright,
Her Husband and her Children now by far
The greatest Causes of her Weeping are.

And them, ev'n them, MINDANA now no more,
Must think of, nor bewail as thus before,
But turn her Eyes and Thoughts some place for Rest,
Till fresh *Aurora* guilds the blushing East;
Then with the growing Day and early Dew,
Gather wild Fruits fierce Hunger to subdue,
And quench that Thirst to which Grief adds excess,
With what as freely Savage Beasts possess,
Of which luxuriant Nature had supply'd
A Plenty that along the Plains do glide,
And of wild Herbs and Berries of the Tree,
For Birds, and Beasts, and Her, enough may be.

With this unnatural and starv'd Relief,
Her frugal Hands preserv'd a hated Life;
A hated Life that must with Beasts consume,
And languish there for many Years to come.
This Converse only with her Hills and Dales,
That grateful Fancy to her Thoughts reveals.

The

The Deſart all the Day ſhe walks along,
T' her Cave at Night with no rich Tapſtry hung,
Nor Bed of Down, nor Curtains flower'd in Gold,
As was her meaneſt Furniture of old,
But with damp Moſs, with Shells and Pebbles ſpread,
And Turf of her own raiſing for her Bed;
Retiring here to give her Griefs allay,
And to divert the tedious Hours of Day,
A Viſitant ſhe meets her Houſe had ſeen,
A wild Inhabitant of the neighb'ring Green,
With its two Infant Kids, whoſe welcome ſight
Afforded preſent Symptoms of Delight.

By Nature mov'd, Compaſſion made her burn,
Her Childrens Image did by them return,
Therefore in Tranſports of maternal Love,
The fond Idea ſhe wou'd more improve,
And take the Infant Kids thoſe Arms to fill,
And ſuck thoſe Breaſts that Milk afforded ſtill.
(For Pride of Sloth MINDANA ne'er begui'd,
To truſt to Nurſes Negligence her Child,
But her own Breaſts more naturally gave,
And Nurſes wou'd for ſervile Uſes have.)

Says ſhe, Dear Innocents, ſupply the Place
That others wou'd become with better Grace,
But ſince they're loſt, for ever loſt to me,
You ſhall the Darlings of their Mother be.

From theſe an Offspring came by Nature's Pow'r,
That did ſucceſſive Converſe ſtill reſtore,
And her diſtracted Thoughts ſome Comfort find
In ſuch young Fav'rites of the Savage kind.

Ev'n

Ev'n she her self our Nature seems to quit,
A Mountain Wildness on her Face does sit;
Her Velvet Limbs and Arms with Hair o'er grown,
A Hide for Skin, that was more soft than Down.
A rustick Hoarseness rumbles in that Throat,
Which once spoke words more sweet than Swan-like Note;
And yet no wonder, for this Change but suits
The Converse which she has amongst the Brutes.

PART II.

THE Gods to Man did give a daring Soul,
Ambition draws him to th' extremest Pole.
His Search of Wealth, or Sport, or Pride is such,
He ev'ry Corner of the World will touch,
The Seas will travel o'er remotest Isle,
Tho' Want and Hunger does forbid his Toil.

And sometimes Fortune throwes us on a Shoar,
For many Ages scarce e'er seen before,
What ever was the Cause, a curious Mind,
Or thither driven by an adverse Wind,
Whate'er it was, at last it happen'd so,
That Prince MALFINI towards our Isle did go.
His Princess having with an idle Crowd,
In Pilgrimage been seeing Saints abroad,
For whom attended with a numerous Train,
He went to guard her to her Home again.

For

For Woman, whether base or noble born,
Is vi'lent in Religion, Love or Scorn,
And when abroad Devotion makes her roam,
The Man in Duty must conduct her home.

To chast MINDANA's Isle their steps they move,
But chast MINDANA cannot meet their Love,
In Pomp and pageant Cost of publick View,
As is to Princes and great Strangers due.
Nor had she known th' illustrious high Resort,
But for the Prince who lov'd his daily Sport;
To hunt the Lion, or to chase the Bear,
Or the less dang'rous Stag, or Fawns and Hare.

Tho' now nor Bear, nor Lion is their Game,
Nor Stag, nor Hare, but of a Kind more tame,
MINDANA's sporting Kids the Dogs pursue,
MINDANA to her Kid's Assistance flew,
And snatch'd the little Minions to her Arm,
Where she might guard 'em from approaching Harm.

The Dogs MALPINI follow'd in the Rear,
And after him his Princess did appear,
Attended with the Virgins of the Court,
For Virgins always lov'd DIANA's Sport.

But what Confusion, and what strange Surprize,
Affect MALPINI and his Courtiers Eyes,
When in the quick pursuit of pleasant Chace,
Something appear'd with human Form and Face,
Savage it likewise seem'd, which, of the two,
Was more than they with all their Wit cou'd know.

But

But if MINDANA Savage may appear,
They no leſs Monſters to MINDANA are.

So to MALPINI's Court an *Indian* bring,
With painted Legs and Arms, his Darts and Sling,
The poliſh'd Courtiers, and the Mob in Street,
Wou'd the poor *Indian* with rude Gaping greet;
And that our Simile we may reverſe,
Pray carry on the Humour of our Farce,
Only ſuppoſe a Lady-Courtier go
To *Indian* Realms, He wou'd be greeted ſo.

The white Inhabitants of the frozen North,
Their Curſes againſt *Æthiops* publiſh forth,
And in Contempt that to their Colour's due,
Paint the *Infernals* in their ſooty Hue.
Negroes that under *Cancer*'s Tropick burn,
With equal Juſtice White-Mens Pride return;
And an Opinion has with them gain'd place,
To paint the Devil in a White-Man's Face.

So if MINDANA's Form their Wonder ſtrikes,
Her ſelf the pleaſing Metamorphoſe likes,
And hopes they wou'd from her Receſſes go,
To Human Race Fate makes her now a Foe;
Of their high Birth that Kindneſs will be Pledge,
Her Metamorphoſe does her ſelf oblige.

Therefore with haſte ſhe ſhuns their ſtaring Sight,
And truſts her Safety to her ſpeedy Flight;
Which from her Cave ſo fleet and ſudden was,
That ſcarce ſhe bended with her Feet the Graſs.

But good MALPINE, whose high Princely Heart,
Makes him take Pity on despis'd Desert,
And his Compassion in true Terms expres's
To poorest Objects of most loath'd Distress,
With equal Speed her flying Steps pursues,
With Words of softest Eloquence he sues,
That she wou'd please his wondring Soul to tell,
How such a Change her Form, her Mind befel?
Whether like him she was of mortal Blood,
Or born of *Sylvan* Parents in the Wood?
Or why from him she flew with darting Course,
As if she fear'd some lustful Satyrs Force?

MINDANA's Strength now fails by slow Degrees,
The Prince's Words did likewise something please,
And as her Passion cools, and Fright retires,
She answers what his curious Mind requires.

I once —— O no! that Secret let me keep,
Let it in dark in dead Oblivion sleep;
I now with Beasts of Prey, and Birds in Air,
In bounteous Plenty common Blessings share;
I envy not the Noble's warm Abodes,
Nor with vain Pride provoke Celestial Gods;
Then gentle Stranger in kind Pity fly,
And leave me to the Desarts I enjoy.

Th' astonish'd Prince does these Repulses meet,
Returning Words than *Hybla* drops more sweet;
Now on his Knees, then tow'rds the Ground does bow,
And an impatient great Disorder shew,
That she who cou'd express her Griefs so well,
Would the first Scenes of her past Being tell.

MINDANA's

MINDANA's Paſſion ſtill does further yield,
Her Thoughts grow temp'rate and her Spirits mild,
She names the noble Sire that gave her Life,
And ſighing tells to whom ſhe once was Wife,
Says that their Griefs and Pleaſures were the ſame,
And Hopes and Fears reciprocal became,
That they each other tended Days and Nights,
And that the Gods had bleſs'd their chaſt Delights,
With two unhappy Boys ——
And here deep heavy Groans, and doleful Cries,
And guſhing Tears that ſwell her weeping Eyes,
So interrupt her that the faltring Tongue,
Was with half Words, and broken Accents hung.

The Prince retiring thought a Woman's Art,
Might work the other Secrets of her Heart,
Therefore his Princeſs to that Task did move,
And chaſt MINDANA does his Choice approve,
To whom her Temper happily enclin'd,
Both having Love with native Sweetneſs join'd.

Both walk bemoaning the ſad Wrath of Fate,
That to our Mis'ries does no Limits date,
That Royal Kings, and fordid Beggars go,
And Old and Young in common Tracts of Woe.
This Argument the Princeſs wiſely ſought,
And urges on MINDANA's mournful Thought,
Till with a Sybil's Note, and Delphian Voice,
She ſays —— Our Mis'ries partly are our Choice.
'Tis to our ſelves the ſad Reſolve is due,
Whether we will be always loſt like you,
The Gods may ſtrike us with revenging Hands,
And waſte the World by terrible Commands,

Send Southern Winds to blaſt the Hopes of Trees,
And Paſtures drown by ſwelling Floods and Seas;
Send raging Fire our Manſions to conſume,
And antient Treaſure from Forefathers come;
Send Gout and Rheum our wither'd Limbs to rack,
And cutting Torture of the gravell'd Back,
But yet, my Fair, our Princely Word believe,
Tho' you to me the ſame Advice can give;
Reſpect, however, does oblige me, ſpeak,
And grant, ye Gods, I ſome Impreſſion make!
Believe me then, let Fates united be
To plague the Body, the great Soul is free.
That well can temper Fate's ſevereſt Law,
As Bees from Hemlock luſcious Honey draw.
Ills come from SATURN an avenging God,
And our own Mind does aggravate the Load.

Then, fair MINDANA, here no more remain,
But be th' Ornament of our Sex again;
I ſhou'd preſent you Robes of *Tyrian* dye,
My Clothes we now will on your Body tye,
And ſhroud thoſe naked Limbs in homely Dreſs,
Which do ſo lively JOVE's great Art expreſs.
Return, a Princeſs ſues and hopes to ſave,
Such dear Perfection from this deſart Grave;
Tho' Sun you ſee, and ſuck in vital Breath,
Yet this Retirement is a ſilent Death.
With me, O! let me that great Bliſs preſume,
With me a Siſter and Companion come.

MINDANA, Tears then flowing in her Eyes,
Finds liſt'ning Nature prompt to theſe Replies;

We Death in any Shape are apt to fear,
Yet he moſt welcome wou'd to me appear;
I this wild Nakedneſs will vail from View,
Your Preſence does Indecency ſubdue,
But, O! illuſtrious Princeſs, urge no more,
Than that I fly to ſome uncommon Shore,
Where ſimple Nature ſhames luxurious Art,
And nothing does a borrow'd Worth exert.
Both Royal Structures, and returning Feaſts,
The Nightly Balls, and Starry ſpangl'd Gueſts,
Did great Averſion in SICILIA give,
From which Amuſements I wou'd ever live.

The Princeſs ſtreight her Fav'rite Habit brought,
In fair embroid'ry with her Needle wrought,
Th' obſequious Maidens ſhew an equal Care,
And form in Treſſes her diſhevel'd Hair,
Then with a deep Concern do pray that ſhe,
wou'd to their Princeſs a Companion be.

-Who on theſe Terms her Anſwer ſeems to grant,
That ſhe no Lady wou'd at all ſupplant,
In Fortune's Favour, nor at Court be ſeen,
But in ſome Cottage on a flowry Green,
Where ſhe might have Reſemblance ſtill in view,
Of her late Dwelling and rude Manners too.

Now Tranſports danc'd in ev'ry Female Eye,
True Symptoms follow'd of an inward Joy,
With eager haſte all ſeek MALPINI's Shade,
Conducting the new Captive they had made.
Not great CAMILLUS from NUMIDIA come,
Triumphing thro' the moving Streets of ROME,

Nor young AUGUSTUS in PHARSALIA's Plain,
When He his Rivals of the Globe had ſlain,
Glitt'ring with orient Pearls in haughty Pride,
Their Tranſports in ſuch vaſt Degrees enjoy'd.

And leſt the Conqueſt might imperfect be,
They all unanimouſly incline for Sea,
Their faithful Veſſel with much haſte provide,
To plow the Ocean the next flowing Tide.
And make as Prince MALPINI ſhall command,
To the firſt Harbour in his native Land,
Which by the Fates Decree MALPANA was,
As the old Writer of this Story has.

Now how by blazing Streets and Cannons Roar
The Prince and Princeſs were receiv'd on Shore,
And how MINDANA's Fortune did ſucceed,
After ſome Reſpite you again may read,
For gladly from Confinement we wou'd fly,
You from your Reading, and from Writing I.

PART

PART III.

THE Prince in awful Majesty does move,
To greet his Senators and Subjects Love,
Who in vast Multitudes and Noise do shew,
What to a Wise and careful Prince they owe.
The Princess and MINDANA with their Train,
Make the vast Croud renew their Noise again,
Who to the Palace take their speediest Way,
To end the Toil of such a publick Day,
Where they from Courtiers more refin'd and brave,
Might private welcome in due Method have.

Now wary Priests to CÆSAR's Palace run,
For Priests like Flies bask near the warmer Sun.
They first his Bounty, next his Princely Pow'r
For the Protection of their Shrines implore,
Assuring welcome he from them will find,
Praying his LARES be forever kind.

The Purple Robes and Ermin of the Law,
That poor Offenders strike with tragick Aw,
Resolv'd no welcome Compliment be miss'd,
Being instructed by the Courtier Priest.

The City thought their breeding wou'd be scorn'd,
Neglecting Welcome to their Prince return'd,
Therefore with greasie Sleeves and dagg'd Black,
To shew their Manners they became less slack,
Wish'd he might ever undisturb'd appear,
Nor Foreign Troubles nor Domestick Fear.

But

But Prieſts in Prayers do too too often fail,
Nor do the City's Vows in this prevail,
And how they ſhou'd is ſtrange, if you but mind,
What in the Sequel of this Tale we find.

Tyrants their Subjects from their Courts do fright,
Who hated are like om'nous Birds of Night,
That in the Day ſit crouching on a Tree,
And others do with diſtant Horror See.

Promethean Vultur, great JOVE's Eagle too,
By Larks and Sparrows are ſaluted ſo,
Who in their Flocks at diſtance ſcatter'd are,
And not their Duty but their Frights declare.

But as the Sun to weary Mariners,
After a gloomy Storm with Joy appears,
And ſtrikes with Tranſports their late drooping Hearts,
MALPINI's Preſence equal Joy imparts;
Such TITUS gave throughout the Roman Realm,
And ſuch gives SHE that ſits at *Albion*'s Helm;
Theſe are the Beauties of the glorious Day,
To them our Bleſſings and our Thanks we pay,
When Goodneſs moves them to appear abroad,
Flowers and Olive Branches ſtrew the Road.
And when returning to us from afar,
Either from Pilgrimage or Neighb'ring War,
Ev'n ſtupid Peaſants from their Buſineſs ſtroul,
Framing Addreſſes of their grateful Soul;
And they whoſe Breeding forms a finer Taſte,
Bleſſings and Welcome give in ſpeedier haſte;
Therefore MALPINI's Wonder much was mov'd,
Why one was wanting, one he ever lov'd,

And

And with indulgent Fondness did caress,
Yet now forget her Welcome to express.

The pol'tick Gout a Statesman might excuse,
And plodding Cit his trading Line might use,
The Man of Law his hackney Tongue might find,
Link'd to the Interest of his hackney Mind.
Their Absence hardly can deserve Complaint,
And 'tis what readily pot Mirth would grant,
But when a Child undutiful is grown,
And due Respect for Parents will not own,
To wish them what a transient Friend will do,
That gives true Sorrow, that makes Passions flow.
Such was MALPINE's Case who wanted one,
That cou'd for all the tender Grief condemn
Whose unexpected Absence did allay
The forc'd Rejoicings of that publick Day,
His tender Love might well expect that she
Equal in Duty, and her Love shou'd be,
To meet him with her Virgins, Timbrels, Lyre,
As antient Daughters of a Hero's Sire.

But beauteous DIANA fear'd the angry Frown,
Or sharper Rage MALPINE might put on,
Since now the Virgin in for ever lost,
Her Virgin Pride she never more can boast,
Virgins she flies, and from DIANA's Shade,
Her Pains sollicits more LUCINA's Aid,
To *Venus* Altar she presents her Vow,
Sollicits all the Charms of Woman now,
The soothing Wit, and every turn of Art,
That to her Sex the Goddess can impart,
When they inspir'd by her deceptive Power,
Not whom old Fathers but themselves shall choose.

The Method which her Wisdom does contrive,
That both her Husband and her self might live,
Is that the Princess shall the Secret know,
Why she neglected all her Duty so,
And that the mourning Stranger be employ'd,
(The chast MIRYDANA) on her fatal side.

The Mother does to Nature's Impulse yield,
Pities the Woman's Frailty in her Child,
And to the Prince with weeping Eyes is gone,
To beg his Love would bless her in one boon,
The first she ever did attempt before,
And after that would never venture more,
She begs and hopes a Father's kind Reprieve,
Diverting thus the Sentence he may give,

You know, O Prince, what high Decrees ordain,
The greatest Monarchs may resist in vain,
Therefore (I'm a Mother's fonder Love,
Must to his marry'd Child indulgent prove.
On young ASCANIO too with Mercy smile,
Whom Flames of Love to Folly did beguile,
The young ASCANIO whom your Chief in War,
Once recommended to your Princely Care.

But he relentless to the tuneful Eye,
A Woman can at final Expence employ,
The Honour of his House thus tainted too,
Calls Gods to witness what his Wrath will do,
And like a Fury urg'd by boiling Rage,
Or like the Ocean which fierce Winds engage,
Nought can allay the Passion of his Breast,
Nor charm the Tempest of his Soul to rest,

Till

Till he pronounces as their Crime requires,
By Death both expiate their lascivious Fires.

Have I not great Examples in my View,
" I will great BRUTUS in all Tracts pursue,
" And make the partial World with Horror see:
How I when Justice calls a Judge can be.

SPINA divided betwixt Hope and Fear,
E'er she her Father's Resolution hear,
To his Apartment moves and prostrate falls,
Implores Forgiveness, for his Mercy calls;
But so the solid Rocks by Waves are try'd,
And all Compliance to their Force deny'd,
Fix'd and unbending so, on Mountains are,
Old Oaks that loudest Storms and Tempests bear.
MINDANA taught by late Misfortunes knew,
What to an unborn Innocent is due,
Her Virtue cou'd not SPINA's Fault approve,
Yet did the Child she went with pity move;
She sues for the unhappy Infant's Sake,
That cannot of it's Parents Vice partake.
Now is the Prince's Heart with rack'd Cowbers,
Betwixt his Justice and fond Nature torn,
The only Favour that the last does give,
Is that in Dungeons his fair Daughter live.
Till there delivered, her poor Babe is free,
From the severest Doom he can decree.

SPINA solicits not her self to live,
Faithful ASCANIO's Fortune more does grieve,
He does her Thoughts and active Soul employ,
With him she chose to live, for him wou'd die.

Therefore their faithful Confidente is sent,
To urge his Flight all Danger to prevent.
Her Fate she can with much Sedateness bear,
But his Misfortune gives the only fear.

Ascanio from the Palace being fled,
To his obscure Recess to hide his Head,
There in the Anguish of his tortur'd Soul,
Can find no Charms his Passion to controul;
The Fields and Groves that once inflam'd Desire,
The Fields and Groves no longer Rest inspire,
Nor minister Content nor Peace allow,
To that poor Mind where Guilt has got a Vow.
Here lab'ring Fancy in fresh Colours paints,
And various lively Figures represents,
Of Tyrants Triumphs and Usurpers Sway,
Whom the Celestial Gods themselves obey,
And mortals like Ixion urges on,
To tempt even Juno in the Thund'rer's Throne.

Here he imagin'd the proud Lover dreft,
In pamper'd Luxury and Sumptuous Feast,
And here retir'd in the luxurious Bed,
Where sacred Friendship basely is betray'd.
But now his Thoughts returning from this Mood,
Soon draw the Scene exposing Seas of Blood,
The Husband murdered, Honour's Part,
Drenching his Sword in Friend and Brother's Heart.
Then Rage and Jealousie without Remorse,
Like Vipers preying on a moving Corse,
The slighted Foe and perjur'd Wretch is seen:
And thus he dies in his proper Scene.

But now the Messenger his Story brings,
Wishing *Mercurial* and *Dædalian* Wings, Bids

Bids him in hopes of Life far distant fly,
Since with his Wife Fate sentenc'd him to die.

He cries —— shall I then with an abject Fear,
Ungratefully leave SPINA to despair?
Virtuous and innocent, not cheaply won,
But by all Arts, industrious Love puts on,
No! since the holy Priest our Vows has tied,
Not Death it self that Union shall divide.
Therefore to SPINA go my faithful Friend,
Tho' Death with Torture does my Steps attend,
And tho' abandon'd here obscure I seem,
The Prince shall find my Birth claims some Esteem.
To whom he sends this old SICILIAN Slave,
That he Admittance to the Court might have.

There then advancing with an awful Grace,
And modest Sorrow glowing in his Face,
'Tis not, says he, to vaunt my Birth I come,
Nor fearful am I of the hatefull Doom,
Nor Hospitable Laws did I invade,
When Vows secretly with their virtuous Maid
From fam'd, Sicilian my Birthplace I drew,
The noble Source, the Fountain still does live,
SICILIA long has mourn'd a tyrant Lord,
To scorch the Earth, Young MANFREDI's Race restor'd,
Which now I know MANFREDI's Race restor'd,
The mighty Revenge you did record,
By him whose Glory Nature makes me plead,
To brave CHARLES is that Justice due,
He gave me Life, to him that life I owe.
This aged Friend in his faithful Service here
More circumstantial Proofs can well declare;
How I assume a borrow'd Name,
An obscure Habit, till GERARDO came.

How

How brave CAPANTE fled, then soon return'd,
Midst Swains successfully his Country mourn'd,
How you by Presents the great Change will know,
Ere six revolving Days their Lustre shew.

Struck with Surprize MALPINI cannot move,
Riveted seems to Earth with Bolts of Jove,
The Females in a like Concern partake,
Amaze and Transports vast Confusion make.

Now Muses fearful of their Art I see,
The God of Language now must silent be,
By their chief Flights but faintly is express't,
The Agitation of MINDANA's Breast.
Ev'n Thought is lost in her, nor does she live,
PHIDIAS to Marble cou'd more Motion give.
The unexpected Deluge thus affails,
And thus it's Torrent o'er the Banks prevails;
Thus from bright PHOEBUS Rays excess of Light,
The tender optick Vails with sudden Night.

Yet the kind Fates in Mercy do decree,
That what is vilent should not lasting be,
The Sun but one Day was with Fury driv'n,
To scorch the Lybian Plains and Poles of Heav'n,
Young AMASON had by providential Fate,
His Life contracted to a narrow Date.

Thus all things in excess quick Periods find,
Such was th' Amaze of chaft MINDANA's Mind;
Her Senses by prevailing Passions gone,
For their late Flight with double Force alone,
Then freighs her Son she views with anxious Eye
In whom CAPANTE's Form she can descry.

She

She asks him many Questions to resolve,
And then in Wonder does her Son involve,
Successive wonder does in him appear,
To find his Mother lost MINDANA here.
The Prince and Princess ev'ry Courtier's Brow,
Does equal Joy, and equal Wonder shew;
Revels and Banquets, ev'ry Royal Sport,
With Justs and Turnaments are seen at Court,
Some throw the Quoit, the Wrestlers Oil some prove,
Some mimick martial Deeds of Gods above;
Olympick Chariots raising Clouds are seen,
And youth contending for the White or Green,
Till the Ambassadours at Court arrive,
Who solid Cause of lasting Transports give.

These own GERARDO, and to him relate
More happy Tidings of CAPANTI's Fate.
That young SARCANTI who with him endur'd,
The Pirate's Chains, had Freedom now procur'd,
And by his Father's Care and Beauty's Charms,
Obtain'd the fair ALMERIA to his Arms.

Then thus MINDANA; Gen'rous Prince receive,
All Tribute the most grateful Heart can give.
By you I feel this unexpected Joy,
Then with my Vows, illustrious Sir, comply,
That I may to my native Climate haste,
Thus crown'd with Blessings of Success at last,
There to return in daily solemn Vow,
What to the Providence of Gods I owe.

For now Experience well instructs I see,
In worst Afflictions all may happy be.

FINIS.

She asks him many Questions to relieve,
And then in Wonder does her Son involve,
Surprizing wonder does in him arise,
To find his Mother lost MINDANA here.
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FINIS.